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Owing to illness of the editor of the Citizen, extending over a period of more than two weeks, we will not be able to issue a centennial number as we expected to.

There are a great many things that "they do better in France." They are much better at helping a young spendthrift to keep his money.

For several months six British war vessels stationed at Delagoa Bay have been testing the Marconi wireless system of telegraphy, and it is reported, have found no flaw in it. France has adopted a system which is said to be simpler and superior.

Under the present ratio of representation there should be one Congressman to every 173,901 of population Nevada, therefore, with its 42,354, is actually entitled to about one-fourth of a Congressman instead of the whole Congressman and two Senators which it now has.

The peculiar objection to student luxury, as President Jones, of Hobart College, recently observed, is that it is parasitic. It qualifies young men to be "good spenders" of the resources of others. The flowers they send to their friends, the horses they keep, the bets they lose are paid for by some one else. The exorbitant expenditures of the student have himself as their sole object, wherein they differ from those of almost every other class; they represent self-indulgence of the crassest sort. Habits of luxury are dangerous to the future of a young man; the practice of extravagance in his days of dependence is dangerous to his self-respect and demoralizing sometimes to the self-respect of others who cannot afford to indulge it.

A well-known philanthropist makes a plea for the detached suburban home, with its wholesome atmosphere, as compared with even the model tenement of the city. No parks, public baths or playgrounds can take the place of the open life out of town. Rapid and cheap transportation is one of the crying problems of the day, and should be made a political issue just as much as are sanitary environment, shorter hours of labor, etc. The dwelling places of the poor of Chicago are described and contrasted with what might be offered outside the city and its slums.

TELLIN' HER GOOD-BY.

Somehow, can't keep back the sigh
When I'm tellin' her good-by!
Try to pull myself together—
Wish her joy and pleasant weather—
Hope she'll lan' thar' safe an' sound,—
But, good people, I'll be bound
If the tears ain't in my eye
When I'm tellin' her good-by!

Since she's got to go, I'm glad
When it's over an' half-mad
That I can't keep in control
That upheavin' of my soul!
Whistle—try to sing a bit,—
But thar' ain't no heart in it!
Sun an' stars have left life's sky
When I'm tellin' her good-by.

That's the way with women! They
Steal yer heart, an' slip away,
Like some bright an' sunny beam
You've been seein' in a dream!
Jest the minute that you know
You air lovin' of 'em so!
Hope's done left me—life's a sigh—
I've been tellin' her good-by!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Alpheus Chubbuck, Gossip

By Susan Brown Robbins.

MAN often has to try several different kinds of work before he finds his true vocation. Such was the case with Alpheus Chubbuck.

First he tried farming, then he bought a small grocery store, and after the failure of this business enterprise he failed in various other attempts to earn a living.

Finally he tried matrimony and settled down with a comfortable feeling that now at last he had found just the right place for himself.

His wife was comfortably well to do. She was a shrewd business manager and she kept a firm hold on her purse-strings. Alpheus was well fed and neatly dressed, and his wife allowed him \$4 a month for spending money.

At first he used to spend every cent of his money within ten days of the first of the month, but as he found that Mrs. Alpheus could not be induced to lend or give him any more he soon learned to make the money hold out, so that even on the last day of the month he would have a little change which he could jingle in his pocket. He grew stout and prosperous looking.

His wife took great pride in her little village home and its trim yard. She cared for the flower garden, but it was the duty of Alpheus to hoe the vegetables and mow the lawn.

He did this under protest. He had to be asked many times, and perhaps be threatened with a reduced allowance before the work would be satisfactorily done. In a year from the time of his marriage he had the distinction of being known as the laziest man in town.

It is said that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Whoever furnished it, mischief was certainly done by Alpheus Chubbuck. Not by his hands, to be exact, but by his lively imagination and his active tongue.

There was a fair prospect that to his other reputation would be added that of being the greatest gossip in town. By gentle ridicule, sly insinuation and the repeating of things people said, he soon had the whole town unsettled. Old family feuds were revived, new ones started, while half the people would not speak to the other half.

One day, it was the first of April, Mrs. Alpheus heard a strange sound in the yard. She went to the window and saw a clattering, rickety, dingy hen cart drawn by a raw-boned sorrel horse. On the seat of the cart sat her husband and another man, a shabby, slouching, disreputable-looking man. Both jumped to the ground when the cart came to a stop in the middle of the side yard and with apparent haste unharnessed the horse.

Then Alpheus took out his pocket-book and gave the man some money. The man swung himself on the horse's back and with his legs dangling against her thin sides ambled out of the yard and down the street.

"Well, of all things!" said Mrs. Alpheus, and she went out to make inquiries.

"I'm going into the hen business," said Alpheus. "And just think, Loizy, I bought that cart for \$3."

"And got cheated, too," she said, sharply. "But then it's your own money," she added.

"Yes, and I've got a dollar left to fix it up with."

"A dollar!" she said, contemptuously. "How far will that go? It won't set the tires, to say nothing of painting it and fixing the broken doors."

"Oh, well," said Alpheus, easily. "I shall have some more money next month, and I'll do all I can on it myself."

For more than two months Alpheus was missed from his old haunts, and the relations of the villagers became less strained. One pair of lovers after another became reconciled and a number of the family feuds were as if they had never been.

All this time Alpheus was at work on his hen cart and people began to drop in to look at it.

"I've got it just about in condition to paint," he would say, proudly. "It's taken me a good while to get it ready, but I believe that if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and my wife will tell you that it was a pretty hard-looking old trap when I got it. You see, it's fixed up pretty nice now. Of course, it won't show how much I've done to it until after it is painted. I had the tires set and that broken shaft mended, and two new spokes and a part of a rim in that hind wheel. I've scraped and sandpapered it and put new snaps on all the doors—why, they were fastened with clothes pins when I got it. And I've fixed a little railing around the top so I can carry things there if I

want to; and I've got hinges on the seat, and you see there is a box under it where I can carry my dinner, and I've put up that frame for an awning so I won't get sunstruck."

"When are you going to start into business?"

"Oh, I don't know; time enough for that when I get my cart finished."

In due time the cart was finished. But now, instead of going into the hen business, Alpheus began again to loaf about the grocery store and to resume his old habits. When he went home at noon he would look proudly at his hen cart, and he always smoked his after-dinner pipe and read his evening paper in the shade of its striped awning.

Arthur Wade was walking home from his lady love's house one evening in July. He was one of the lovers who had been estranged by Alpheus the previous spring. To-night he was gloomy and morose. Alice had shown a marked coldness that evening and he remembered how their former trouble began in just that way.

"He's up to his old tricks again," Arthur muttered as he came opposite the Chubbuck cottage. He frowned darkly at it and at the hen cart that showed plainly in the moonlight.

He walked on to the next corner, where he stopped suddenly. He turned about and retraced his steps, and for a long time he stood looking at the pink and green hen cart.

"I'll do it," he said at length. "Yes, I'll do it the very first cloudy night," and with that he walked briskly away.

It was several mornings later that when Alpheus, as was his habit, went to the dining-room window to look out at his hen cart he gave a start of surprise and exclaimed: "What in thunder!" Then he snatched up his hat and ran out into the yard.

There stood a rickety, dilapidated hen cart. Alpheus looked at it blankly, then his eye caught sight of an envelope tacked to the side. On it was written the one word "Boot." With trembling fingers he tore it open and drew forth a \$5 bill.

When he went in to breakfast his eyes were sparkling. "It's worse than the other one," he said, enthusiastically, "and the wheels are dished like pie plates. The color of the other one did not just suit me," he said, after a pause. "I think I'll paint this one yellow and purple, and it won't take me so long as it did before, either."

Just before the last coat of purple paint was dry Arthur Wade and Alice were safely married.—Chicago Record.

GOT HIS WISH IN BATTLE.

A Soldier Who Was Hit in the Spot He Chose on the Previous Evening.

Somebody had asked a Confederate veteran in a group on the hotel piazza at a nearby resort whether he had known of many cases of premonition of death before battle. "Yes and no," he replied. "On the eve of an engagement thousands of soldiers undoubtedly have a vague 'feeling' that they will be killed, and of course in some cases the premonition is bound to come true. However, there is nothing remarkable in premonitions of that kind. Where one is fulfilled hundreds come to nought and are forgotten."

"But your question reminds me," the veteran continued, "of a very curious experience of my own. It was on the night before Shiloh, and a dozen or so soldiers in my company were talking, half in jest, of their chance of being wounded in the battle which we all knew would take place the next day. One said he would be willing to sacrifice a finger to his country, another said he would prefer to 'get it in the foot,' and finally somebody in the party turned to me. 'Say, sergeant,' he exclaimed, 'tell us where you would rather be hit if you have to be wounded to-morrow? I don't want to stop a bullet at all,' I replied, 'but if that's my fate, I think I'd prefer to be hit in the canteen.' They all laughed at the sally, and the chaffing turned to something else."

"Next day we were in the thick of the battle. I saw comrade after comrade fall, and at last what was left of our command found itself in that frightful death trap afterward known to history as 'The Hornets' Nest.' We were striving desperately to hold our position, and I myself was kneeling behind a little bush, firing as rapidly as I could reload my musket. I had just discharged the piece, and had my right arm raised in the act of driving home the ramrod, when I felt a terrific blow on the side of the head, and instantly something wet poured over my face and neck. Supposing, of course, that I had been hit, and was being deluged with blood, I put up my hand and was amazed to find it simply covered with water. Incredible as it may seem, I had actually been hit in the canteen, and the bullet had given the big tin bottle such an impetus that it had whirled up and struck me just above the ear. If I had been in any other position I should have been bored through and through, and, in spite of my deadly peril, I was so impressed by the incident that I kept the perforated canteen and sent it home as a souvenir."

"I believe, in all the war, I was the only soldier who was hit in exactly the spot he selected, and who was entirely satisfied with the results."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Brains in This Joke.

It is said that Mr. Evans was once going up in the elevator at the State Department with many applicants for Ministerships and Consulships. "Well," said he to a friend, "this is the largest collection for foreign missions that has been taken up for a long time."

A nursery near Mexico, Mo., contains 250,000 young fruit trees, pruned and cultivated to perfection.

SPEAKING OF LUCK

A Sporting Man Declares That It Doesn't Exist Except in Real Life.

"The old saying that 'the odds are against the guesser,' is firmly believed in by nearly all gamblers," said a turfman who prides himself upon having reduced betting to a mathematical formula.

"The axiom is a good deal deeper than most people suppose. Taken literally, in games of pure chance, it is false; applied to human nature it is true. Suppose, for example, that two men pitch pennies, the chances for heads and tails are perfectly even, and it can make no difference which of the players does the guessing. Where the guesser appears to have greatly the worst of it is in such a game as faro or roulette. The effort to forecast each turn is apt to unsettle his nerves; he gets irritated and demoralized, makes reckless bets, presses bad luck, and winds up broke. In fact, the chief advantage of a 'system' for gambling is that it saves nerve force. The bets are placed according to rule, and the player and the game are on the same cold, mechanical basis. In playing the races the odds are seemingly 'against the guessers,' for the reason that they are influenced by all sorts of hints, tips and premonitions, mostly wrong. It isn't really a case of guessing, but a case of misplaced confidence."

"Do you believe in luck?" asked one of the listeners to the foregoing.

"That depends upon whether you mean theoretically or practically," replied the scientific turfman.

"Luck is something that doesn't exist except in real life. The late Professor Proctor delivered a lecture in Philadelphia on the 'Mathematics of Chance,' and proved conclusively there was no such thing as luck. Afterward he took a dice box and attempted to demonstrate the fact to some sceptical sports, and went broke in eight minutes by the watch. There is absolutely no reason why people should have streaks of good or bad luck. I can demonstrate to you on paper that the thing is impossible, and you can demonstrate to me by ocular evidence that it happens every day. So there you are."

"It's a funny fact, by the way, that the two principal 'systems' at Monte Carlo are based on diametrically opposite theories of luck. One is called the 'maturity of chance.' To illustrate, suppose red turns up three times in succession; according to the system the chance of it appearing again is greatly diminished and grows less with each repetition. Consequently the player bets on black. The other is the 'system of runs.' Its votaries hold that a color which has once 'repeated' is apt to keep on, at least five or six times in succession. Each band of cranks prove their case by the daily record kept year in and year out at the Casino. You pays your money and you takes your choice."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Fly on the Ceiling.

Now, as to how flies walk upside down. They do not accomplish the feat by adhering to ceilings by means of little air pads attached to their feet, as many suppose. They walk on the ceiling and on glass by means of capillary attraction, the operation of which is accentuated by means of little drops of oil, which exude from hairs on their feet. Every time a fly walks over a window pane it leaves behind it a series of tracks, invisible to the naked eye, perhaps, but composed of little spots of this delicate oil.

One scientist counted the hairs on a fly's feet and found on an average of between 10,000 and 12,000, from each of which flowed the minute specks of oil. The oil is absolutely necessary to the fly when walking on a vertical surface. If a pane of glass should be wet or very dusty it would be impossible for the fly to walk over it, in the one case because of the flowing of the oil between the hairs of the feet and destroying the strength of the capillary action; in the other because of the clogging of the hairs with the dust. The effort of the fly to get rid of dust can be noticed by any one. The insect will constantly stop and clean out the hairs on its feet by wiping them off on the wings, which are provided with wonderful little stiff hair brushes for this purpose.—Boston Herald.

The Fascination of Crime.

It is said that burglary exercises such a fascination that, once the delirium of its danger is tasted, a man can never put that fatal wine away. An old and distinguished lawyer once told me that one of the most brilliant young lawyers he ever knew said to him, at the conclusion of a legal duel in which he had resorted to the sharpest kind of practice and won: "That was the most delicious experience of my life."

Yes, and it was the most fatal. He became, and is, an attorney of uncommon resource, ability and success, with many cases and heavy fees; nevertheless, his life is a failure, for his profession and even his clients know him for a dealer in tricks. Senator McDonald, an ideal lawyer in ethics, learning and practice of his profession, told me that one of our justices once said to him of a certain great corporation lawyer of acknowledged power and almost unrivaled learning: "Mr. — would be the greatest lawyer in the world if he were not a scoundrel. As it is, I brace myself to resist him every time he appears before me." One of the ablest Circuit court judges of the Federal bench said almost precisely the same thing of the same man.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Of course there are other whiskies, but there is but one

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